SAINT MARIE MAGDALENS CONVERSION.

✠

IHS

Printed with Licence.

THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

This ſmale poeme (Gentle Reader) was compoſed for the pleaſure of ſome priuate freinds, and intended to haue bin preſented for a Newe-yeres gift the firſt of this month: But interuention of other affaires, delaied the finiſhing therof, vntill the laſt. I made choyce of this ſubiect, as moſt fitting this time of death, the ſtile being correſpondant, plaine and paſſionate, much like a morning garment, fitting both the time and the matter. Graue enough for ſobreſt wittes, and not ſo harſhe, but may content the niceſt eares. The reading whereof (I doubt not) will prooue both pleaſant and profitable, which is as much as I can wiſh or thou deſire. Fare-well this laſt of Ianuarie. 1603.

Thyne I. C.

TO THE DE-VOVT. AND VERTVOVS MISTRIS F. B. I. C. PRESENTES THIS HIS WORTHELES LABOVR *for a Newe-yeares gifte.*

THis day (the eight'h from his Natiuitie)
The g'orious Sonne of the Omnipotent
Was Circumcis'de, bearinge mans frailetie,
T'appeaſe the wrath of the Magnificent;
This day, the Sonne of bleſſed MARY ſhed
His firſt deare bloud, to make vs liue b'inge dead.

In memorie whereof this cuſtome takes,
That on the firſt day of the newe-borne yeare,
Eache freind, vnto his freind-ſome preſent makes;
Louer to Louer, huſband to his pheare:
But I; poore I, that haue no gifte to bringe,
Out of my home-bred Muſe theſe verſes ſinge.

TO THE DEVOUT AND
VERTVOVS MISTRIS E.
L.C. PRESENTES THIS
HIS WORKE IS DEVOVT

SAINT MARY MAGDALENS CONVERSION.

OF Romes great conqueſt in the elder age,
When ſhe the worlde made ſubiect to her thrall,
Of louers giddy fancies, and the rage,
Wherwith that paſſion is poſſeſt withall,
When ielouſie with loue doth ſhare apart,
And breedes a ciuill warre within the harte.

Of *Helens* rape, and *Troyes* beſeiged *Towne*,
Of *Troylus* faith, and *Creſſids* falſitie,
Of *Rychards* ſtratagems for the engliſh crowne,
Of *Tarquins* luſt, and lucrece chaſtitie,
Of theſe, of none of theſe my muſe nowe treates,
Of greater conqueſts, warres, and loues ſhe ſpeakes,

A womans conqueſt of her one affects,
A womans warre with her ſelfe-appetite,
A womans loue, breeding ſuch effects,
As th'age before nor ſince nere brought to light,
Of theſe; and ſuch as theſe, my muſe is preſt,
To ſpend the idle houres of her reſt.

Thou bleſſed Saint, whoſe life doth reach to liue,
Intreate that louing and beſt loued Lord of thine,
That he vouchſafe ſuch liuely grace to giue
Vnto theſe dull, and liueles rimes of mine,
That ſuch as read this good, (though ill told) ſtory,
May be (like thee) for their offences ſorry.

When first the worlds Creator our dread Lord,
Did with his presence blesse *Iudea* land,
And to all sortes of people did afforde,
His gratious fauour and all helping hand,
Restoring by his power Omnipotent,
The lazar, deafe, blind, lame, and impotent.

Amongst the daughters of the sonnes of men,
Shee that did most his gratious mercy proue,
Was (*Mary Marthas* sister) *Magdalen*,
Who loued most, and had most cause to loue,
Her wounded soule he cur'de with sinnes oppresst,
Natures deffects in others he redrest.

Shee needed not the ritch mans golden ring,
That all desires, seldome well gott, good,
Shee needed not the Heraulds deif'ing,
To make her gentle of vngentle bloud,
Shee needed not the painters white and red,
Nature those colors in her face had shed.

Her eyes vnto their Mistres yeelded light,
All though her selfe, within herselfe, were blind,
Shee was nor lame, nor deafe, nor lazar-like,
Perfecc'ons store to each lime was assin'de,
With natures gifts she plent'iously was graced,
But sinne those ornamentes had all defaced.

Sinne made her want, in middest of her store,
Sinne made her seruile in her libertye,
Of all good graces sinne did make her poore,
And ritch in nothing but in misery,
Her soule was subiect to a thousand euilles,
Her body combred with as many Diuilles.

But her dear Lord through his life-giuing grace,
This many-headed Monſter draue away,
And thoſe foule fendes who did his workes deface,
His bleſſed preſence from her did affray,
He thought not meete, that ſuch vnſeemely geſt,
Should in ſo faire an Arbour build their neſt.

After her foes were thus diſperſt and gone.
Her captiue ſoule b'inge franchiſ'de from their thrall,
And ſhee transformed by that mighty one,
From her life beſt'all to celeſtiall,
Her Lord affirmed that her loue was ſuch,
That ſhee deſerued to bee pardoned much.

Her Lawles luſtes ſhee chaing'de to lawfull loue,
Her many pleaſures to one chiefe delighte,
All other ioyes ſhee did from her remoue,
And only ioyed in his bleſſed ſighte,
Who beſt deſerued to bee loued moſt,
Sauinge her ſoule from death, by ſinne b'inge loſt.

Shee hateth nowe, what ſhee had lou'de before,
Shee loueth him, to whome all loue was due,
Her former miſpent life ſhee doth deplore,
And nowe endeauors for to lyue anewe,
Herſelfe, vnto herſelfe did hatefull growe,
When thus enlight'ned ſhee her-ſelfe did knowe.

This Holy hatred did true loue encreaſe;
Shee lou'de the more in that ſhee hated ſoe,
This Holy hatred did her falſe loues ceaſe,
And howe to loue arighte to her did ſhowe,
O Hatred thow are only good in this,
In all thinges elſe thow doeſt worke amiſſe.

Like to a monſter to her ſelfe ſhee ſeem'ed,
And of her ſelfe, her ſelfe was now afraide,
Shee ſawe 'twas otherwyte then ſhee had deem'ed,
Aud loth'de to ſee how fondly ſhee had ſtraied,
Shee now perceaues the errors of her life,
Which makes her with her ſelfe to be in ſtrife

O how haue I deceaued beene (quoth ſhee)
With the falſe ſhew of counterfeyt delight?
Were theſe the pleaſures? this the vanities,
Which now ſomuch my gilty ſoule affright?
Haue I incurr'd the loſſe of life and fame,
To purchaſe ſorrow and repentant ſhame?

Did I for this, my fathers houſe forſake,
Leauing my carefull ſiſter ſiſterles?
Did I for this, of frendes me frendles make,
Shaming my kindred through my ſinnefullnes?
Did I for this, leaue ſiſter, frends and all,
And from the ſeruice of my maker fall?

O ſinne, thou art a ſerpent full of ſleyght,
Thy face ſeem'de not ſo fowle as now I ſee,
Thou doſt bewitch vs with a ſtrong deceipte,
Of ſeeming good though full of miſerye,
Our ſoules thou woundeſt with thy poyſonus dart,
And we (as ſenceles) neuer feele the ſmart.

Thou art the loſſe of heauen, and hels beſt frend;
How many (like a Syren) here thee ſing?
How many by in chantment doſt thou ſend,
To *Plutoes* Kingdome, ere they feele thy ſting,
But why doe I exclaime againſt thee ſo,
When I was partner in my ouer throw?

I gaue

I gaue consent that thou shoul'dst worke my fall,
I pleased was with what thou did'st suggest,
I was attendant to ech seruill call,
And basely subiect to thy foule be-hest,
I grew a cunning Artist in thy trade,
And with thy Charmes haue many soules insnar'de.

O sinne of sinnes and the worst of euills,
To poyson others with thy stinking breath,
No mernaile though I was a lodge for Deuilles,
And worthely became a hell on earth;
Wast not enoughe that thou thy selfe did'st sinne,
But that thou others to the same must winne?

O my lost soule, how foule wilt thou appeare,
How full of feare, in that last dreadfull day,
When thou shalt bitter exclamations heare,
Of such, whome thou did'st guilefully betray,
What canst thou say? What colour canst thou bring,
T'excuse thy selfe of this infecting sinne?

O none at all; for sinnes-selfe I am growne;
There is no sinne but what in me remaines,
To be a publick sinner I am knowne,
The note of shame, which all my kinred staines,
The blott, which I would wash of with my bloud,
To purchase to my selfe the name of good:

But I haue bin so long sinnes seruingman,
That men will thinke I cannot from him part,
They will obiect, I am a publican,
And by long custome grounded in the arte;
From custome we another nature take,
In good or ill shee doth vs perfect make.

If to my ſiſter home-againe I take me,
Shee will reiect me, leaſt I ſpott her fame,
If to my kinsfolkes, they will all forſake me;
Through my miſdeedes I haue incur'de ſuch blame,
I dare not to a ſtrainger ſhowe my face
H'will wounde my ſoule with wordes of foule diſgrace.

Like to *Minerua's* bird, when ſhee appeares
And ſhowes her hated ſelfe vnto the light,
Eache fath'red ſoule againſt her Clamors reares,
And makes her all aſhamed take her flight,
They all purſuing her with bill and winge,
And ſhee as faſt away doth from them ſlinge:

So doth it farre with me diſtreſſed one,
When in the peopled ſtreets I chaunce to walke,
There man nor woman doth reſpect my moane,
But all of my loſſe life doe ſeeme to talke,
All ſeeme to wonder at me a I goe,
And Monſter-like me to their children ſhowe.

Me thinkes I ſee ſome from their windowes looke,
And with their fingers pointing out my ſhame,
And ſome (who cannot) my foule preſence brooke,
With lauiſh tounges to publiſh my defame,
All handes and tounges conſpiring my diſgrace,
Whil'ſt I a lothed Creature veyle my face.

For though it bee a common act to fall,
And ſinne it ſelfe is too well Cheriſhed:
Yet is the ſinner hatefull vnto all;
Compaſs'on now 'mong'ſt men is periſhed,
The plea of mercie will not hold in lawe,
Eache Pettyfogger in it findes a flawe.

The begger alwaies for offences bleedes,
And feeles the hande of grim Seueritie,
The ritch mans gold can cancell out misdeedes,
And blind the sight of bleare-eyed briberie:
But I am ritch in nothing, but in sinne,
That would I all forgoe some grace to winne.

If in my life I had but once misdone,
Then had I not such vrgent cause to mourne,
Or to offend if I had newe begunne,
Then were there some smale hope of backe-returne:
But long vs'de sinnes from all this hope bereaues,
And of their good conceptes me hopeles leaues.

Much like a crasie weather-beaten boate,
Who hauing all his sayles and tacklinges loste,
Amid the surges of the seas doth floate,
And too and fro with euerie guste is toste:
So waues my anxious soule mid'st stormy feares
No harbor can shee finde no calme appeares.

But since of freindes my sinnes hath me bereft,
I will returne vnto that *Nazarite*,
Who of his pitty hath good tokens left
In me for lorne wretched *Israelite*,
He is for all afflicted and distrest
A harbor, hauen, and a port of rest.

A God-like man (if I may terme him soe)
Or rather God; for dowbtles so he is,
More then a man to bee, his deedes doe showe,
Eache eye his acc'ons more then humane sees:
But how shall I bee gratefull to the best
When I a sinner doe my selfe detest?

For beinge good (as hee no other seemes)
As chiefest good, he hateth all that's ill,
Like Traytors to his crowne he sinners deemes,
Who still oppose themselues against his will;
Nothing in God but sinne can hatred breede;
How then shall I the worst of sinners speede.

Through his all-seing wisedome he doth knowe
The passed faultes of my transgressing life;
How great the woundes haue bin the Scarres will showe:
As yet my sinfull soares are bleeding rife;
More then all others, I did him offend,
Lesse cause there is that he should succor lend.

What (he will say) now all men thee reiect,
Canst thou suppose that I will thee receaue?
Mee most deseruing thou did'st least respect,
And for a shadow, did'st the substance leaue,
All that thou hast, I gaue; yet thou vniuste
Did'st moste offend him who did giue thee moste.

I did Create thee of a different state
From other Creatures of a lesse respect,
I mighte haue made thee, like in forme and shape,
Vnto the Monsters, of a feirce aspect:
But I did giue thee natures ornament
Beautie, which thou hast lauishlie mispent.

I gaue thee will, for to desire the best,
And vnderstandinge to discerne the same,
Thou wast not ignorant of my behest:
For all thy Nation inuocate my name;
If thou had'st beene a Gentile, thy abuse
Might haue put on some colour of excuse:

But thou did'ſt knowe what did to me belong,
And what thy ſelfe in duty ſhould'ſt haue done,
Yet thou did'ſt neuer ceaſe to worke me wrong,
Perſiſtinge alwaies in thine ill begunne,
I ſparinge thy deſerued puniſhment,
Expectinge ſtill thy ſinnes relinquiſhment.

He that his Creditor hath long delay'de
With dilatory hopes, of payements due,
Hauing made breache of promiſe grows diſmai'de,
Leaſt irefull rigor will his fault enſue,
His Creditors fear'de preſence he forſakes,
Tyll due repayement ſome atonement makes:

But thou art farre ingaged in my debt;
For what haſt thou which I did not beſtowe?
Hou canſt thou then newe credite now expect,
Who neuer pai'ſt but euer ſeek'ſt to owe?
For nowe thou com'ſt no olde debtes to defray:
But mercies newe diſburſementes for to pray.

Canſt thou imagine I my ſelfe forgette?
Or that calme mercy reuengefull Iuſtice ſtaies?
Although (tis true) I ſitt on mercies ſeate,
Yet my right hand the ſword of Iuſtice ſwaies;
Mercie and Iuſtice are at my diſpence,
To pardon or to puniſh eache offence.

Thou haſt already taſted mercies ſtore,
In that I did ſo long thy life ſuſtaine,
Now Iuſtice doth require, thou ſhould'ſt reſtore,
Thy borrow'd talent, with an earned gaine,
But banckrout-like, thou haſt miſpent the ſtocke,
And now aſham'd at mercies gate doeſt knocke.

I knowe this Lord; I know I haue offended,
And am in debted more then I can pay,
I humbly craue that mercy be extended,
And I no more will runne so fare astray,
Teares spent her speach (for now shee wept amine)
And after teares shee thus beganne againe.

If thou (O Lord) wilt cancell my olde debt,
And once againe restore me to thy grace,
If thou wilt all my former wronges forgett,
And smoothe the wrinckels of thy angery face,
The remnant of my purchas'd life I vowe,
In thy true seruice wholy to bestowe.

Here silent griefe suppresst her further moane,
And stopt the current of her flowing teares,
Shee could not speake, nor weepe, her soule alone,
The heauy waight of sorrowes burthen beares,
When outward sences once haue spent their store,
Then inward passions doe offlicte the more.

Her soule within her holdes a parlament,
And summons all her powers to appeare,
And they (as ready for to giue content)
Vnto their Lady lend awilling eare,
Within themselues they seriously debate,
How to redresse their mistres troubled state.

First memorie (the mindes best Register)
Telles her of many (Like her selfe) distrest,
Who were relieued by this comforter,
And had their former euilles all redrest,
How that the proude he vseth to reiect,
But mercies-beggars allwayes doth erect,

Here Hope conceaueth (from examples paſt)
A good conceipt that like may now enſue,
She doth ſuggeſt, how that his mercies laſt,
And are beſtow'de on them that humbly ſue,
Hope doth perſwade her ſad Contrition,
Will for offences begge Remiſſion.

Now ſtrong opinion doth poſſes her breſt,
And her enſureth of a good ſucceſſe,
And free-borne will (as handmaide to the reſt)
Is now behinde to entertaine ſuch geſſe:
Only diſtruſt and euer-douting feare,
Her ſpringing hapes doe croſſe with dead diſpayre.

They bid her looke aright on her miſdeedes,
And ſhee ſhould finde 'twas not as ſhee ſuppo'de,
Which chookes in her the growth of hopefulll ſeede,
And makes her doubt what earſt had beene propoſ'de;
As oft as Hope her fainting ſoule imbouldes:
Diſtruſt and feare the ſame as oft controwles.

Like to a Trau'ler in an vnknowne way
Who hauing ſundrye pathes to paſſe along,
Is carefull which to take, fearing to ſtray,
And ſtill he doubts, that which he takes is wrong,
So her ſad ſoule with doudtfull feares oppreſt,
Knowes not which courſe to take but wills the beſt.

Now Hope his wonted pirtie dote relate,
And then Diſtruſt bids her his Iuſtice eye;
Yet fearefull Hope at length doth animate,
Her Conſious ſoule, his mercies doome to trye,
Shee now reſolues (all feare b'eing lade aſide)
Vnder his mercies winges her ſelfe to hide.

And leaſt the vice hatefull to God and man,
Ingratitude; that ill repaying ſinne,
Should in her breſt erect his manſion,
From forth her ſtore ſweet oyntment ſhee doth bring,
Which ſhee intends vpon him to beſtow,
That out-ward acte her inward loue might ſhowe.

Shee was not like thoſe ill-deſeruinge Iewes,
In clenſed bodies haching leprous ſoules,
Their healthes-reſtorer nine of them refuſe:
But ſhee his loue within her breſt infolldes,
And gratefully her precious oyle doth ſhed,
On his deuine and far more precious hed.

This acte of hers her Lord doth ſo regard,
That he comaundes it ſhould for aye be knowne,
And where his lifs true ſtorie ſhould be hearde,
This deede of hers ſhould like-wiſe there be ſhowne,
This acte of hers her Lorde ſomuch regarded,
That he the ſame with double pay rewarded.

O what are we (o Lord) that thou ſhould'ſt way,
Our dutious ſeruice at ſo high a rate,
All that we borrow, Iuſtice bindes to pay,
We owe thee all; from the we all did take,
How comes it then that thou ſo well accep'ſts,
If we diſcharge the tent'he of our due debtes?

What did ſhee giue thee; but a cruſe of oyle,
Which now ſhee had no further cauſe to vſe?
Shee will no more her well form'de viſage ſoile,
And Natures workmanſhip by arte abuſe,
But thou did'ſt weigh the loue where-with ſhee gaue it,
Which made thee graciouſly vouchſafe to haue it.

Now

Now ſhee proceedes; and from his head deſcendes,
Vnto his feete, where proſtrate ſhee doth lye;
For former Pride ſhee faine would make amendes,
With this deuout vnfain'de Humilitie,
Shee loulie ſetts her at his bleſſed feete,
Meane while her eyes riuers of teares doe weepe.

Teares of true ſorrowe for offences done,
Her watrie eyes like prodigalles doe ſpend,
Wherewith the feete of great *Iehouans Sonne*,
For to imbalme, ſhee humblie doth intend,
Thoſe feete of his, theſe teares of hers, make faire,
And being wett ſhee dries them with her haire.

O well ſpent teares; you did but clenſe the ſpottes,
Which wery iornies, and foule waies had maide:
But you did waſh of many thouſand blottes,
Wherewith foule ſinne her gilty ſoule had ſmear'de,
O happy teares; and happely beſtowed,
You did defray what ere your miſtres owed.

After this worke of Charity was paſt,
Her loue was ſuch, ſhee would not from him part,
No earthly ſtormes her heauenly loue could blaſt,
It was ſo deeply rooted in her hart,
With modeſt ſilence tempering her loues heate,
Her ſilent loue by ſilence growing greate.

O ſilence; Companion of the wiſe,
Thou ſureſt note of ſpotles Chaſtitie,
All our fraile paſſions thou doſt temporiſe,
And kindleſt Holy thoughtes in ſecreſie;
Thou art a vertue rarely found on earth,
Of vertues ſtore there is ſo great a dearth.

S. Mary Magdalene.

In Princes Coortes thou canſt no harbor finde,
Thy ſeruice there is but of ſleighte regarde,
Thou canſt not flatter; thou art not the winde,
Wherewith ambitious toylinge geſtes are rear'de,
Thou canſt not fill the ſailes of Enuies boate,
Nor ſett the ſhip of longe-tong'de Fame a floate.

Thou art no tradſeman for the Cities vſe;
Thou canſt not harbor manie tounges in one;
The Countriemen with thee haue broken truce,
And entred league with fell diſſention,
The woodes the babling *Ecco* entertaine,
Which eache worde iterates and makes one twaine.

Both Coort and Cittie, Countrie and the woodes
Are vnto Sylence ſtraingers, now vnknowne,
And ſhee hath left them to their brain-ſicke moodes,
And to the heauens (from whence ſhee came) is flowne,
Shee ſeldome now doth viſite this our coaſte:
Far if ſhee comes ſhee knowes not where to hoaſte.

This vertue firſt poſſeſſed *Maries* breſt,
And did diſpoſe her vnto higher grace:
For where garrulitie doth buylde her neſt,
There modeſt vertues haue no biding place,
By this her new-reformed life was knowne,
By this hereafter conſtancie was ſhowne.

For when the Lord of life our Ranſome pai'de,
And by his death, gaue life vnto the dead,
When his Diſciples fearefully diſmai'de,
From perſecutions angrie preſence fled,
Shee conſtantlie attendes him to his paſsion,
And feares no threates of her life-killing Nation.

Euen

Euen at the foote of that fruit-baring tree,
Which cur'de the wounde by former tree receaued,
Shee humblie ſettes her downe, greiuing to ſee:
His bleſſed preſence, from her thus bereaued;
In ſteade of feete, ſhee powres her liberall teares
On that dead truncke, which now his body beares.

This ſhee imbraceth in her twiſted armes,
Mixing her ſalt teares with his luke-warme bloude,
Which from his woundes diſtil'de (to ſalue our harmes)
Like forced ſtreames proceading from ſome ſtude,
Which when ſhee ſees it makes her ſad ſoule bleede,
In ſtrong compaſsion of ſo foule a deede.

O thou my Lord, my Loue, my Soules delighte,
Thy ſighte was earſt (quoth ſhee) my chiefeſt ioye,
To ſee thee thus, it doth my ſoule affrighte,
And turnes all former pleaſure to annoye,
To ſee thee thus, how can I choſe but weepe
When for my teares thy bloud doth waſh thy feete.

How can I choſe but weepe, to ſee thy head
Inuiron'de with a crowne of ſharpeſt thorne,
To ſee thy louely count'nance palle and dead,
Which once with beautie did the heauens adorne,
To ſee the brighteſt lampes which light the skies
Obſcur'de by bloud and death; thy bleſſed eyes,

To ſee thoſe euer-working handes of thine,
So ſauadglie affixed to this woode,
Which with a touch, gaue lighte to blindeſt eyne,
And alwaies were imploi'de in doing good;
To ſee that hart, whete Charitie doth dwell
Peirced with Enuies ſpeare, the dart of Hell.

To ſee thoſe worne but neuer-wear'ed feete,
Who manie longe and toyle ſome iorneys made
To ſeeke vs loſte, and euer-wandringe ſheepe,
In the vaſte deſert of blacke ſinne inſnar'de,
Now nether going, ſtanding, nor at reſt,
But to a peece of woode with nayles addreſt;

To ſee that body which the pureſt wombe
Of an vnſpotted Virgin, once contain'de,
Now to bee fitter for ſome gaſtlie tombe,
By cruell ſtripes and woundes deform'de and ſtain'de,
Thy ſelfe diſpiſed, naked, and for lorne,
Bereft of freindes, and to thy foes a ſcorne.

How can I choſe (o Lord) but weepe and moane,
In ſad remembrance of theſe dire aſpectes,
How can I choſe but ſigh, to heare the grone,
Vnder the heuie loade of our defects,
Was there no other meanes to pay our loſſe,
But thou muſt needes be naled to this Croſſe?

O wounderfull effectes, of wonderous loue,
He that of late gaue life vnto the dead.
And from poſſeſſed bodies did remoue,
Legions of Diuelles that his preſence fled,
For them that kills him, doth his life beſtow,
And paies the debt, which they themſelues did owe.

O you vngratefull bloudy-mynded Iewes,
Allwaies imbr'de in ſpilling righteous bloode;
How can you thus this innocent abuſe,
Who neuer in the way of ſinners ſtoode?
What hath he done that you ſhould vſe him thus?
Was he not euer mercifull and iuſt?

Did hee not feede the hongrie of the lande,
And cure the ſicke through his health-giuinge mighte?
Did hee not make the lame to goe and ſtande,
And to the blinde reſtore deſired ſighte?
Did not both poore, and ſicke, both lame, and blinde
Through his milde pitty health and comfort finde?

O you are more in humane beaſt-like men,
Then ſauadge beaſtes in wildeſt deſertes bred;
They for a good deede ſtill haue gratefull ben,
And ſuch as did releiue them, they haue fed:
But you do pay the hire of ill deſart
To him, that did all good to you impart.

This maks the heauens (who earſt were bright & cleare)
To chainge their purple weedes to ſaddeſt blacke,
No ſignes of ioye in heauen or earth appeare,
Becauſe the Lord of ioye and bliſſe they lacke;
The Sonne himſelfe doth hide his glorious face,
Lothing to ſee his makers foule diſgrace.

The earth doth tremble att this horred deede,
Frighting the ghoſtes of the infernall deepe,
Her wombe bringes forth ſtraing and vntimelie ſeede,
The dead ariſe which in her boſome ſleepe,
The adamantine rockes doe cleaue a ſunder;
Their ſtonie hartes do rent to ſee this wonder:

But you whoſe hartes are harder then the rockes,
You bloody actors of this tragicke ſceane;
You that repay ſweete Charitie with mockes,
And ſeeke his loſſe who doth your welfare meane;
You neither earth belowe, nor heauen aboue,
With their vnwonted prodigies can moue,

O thou ſad mother of a ſadder Sonne,
Thou art ſpectator too of this great loſſe
Thy ioyes are paſt, thy ſorrowes newe-begunne,
Whome once the *Cribe* receau'de, now beares the *Croſſe*,
Vnto his Birth the one did harbor tend,
Vpon the other hee his Life doth ſpend.

My greeued ſoule is wounded with remorce,
To ſee thy ſwollen eyes; to heare thy groanes,
The very ſight would flinty hartes enforce,
To take compaſſion of thy bitter moanes,
Thou art more like the dead, or deathes palle wife,
Then to the mother of the Lord of life

Shall you and I (deare Ladie) plight our troth,
And wed our ſelues to ſorrowes reſtles bed;
Our loue and ioye is taken from vs both,
And we are lefte for to bewale the dead,
Wee both lament the loſſe of him that's gonne,
I, a moſt louing Lord, thou, a bleſſed Sonne.

Sall wee be take vs to a *Heremitage*,
In ſome wilde deſert vnto men vnknowne,
And there weare out the remnant of our age,
Filling the wide woodes with our ceaſeles moane,
Lette me take part of this thy heauy cheare,
And for ech ſigh of thine ile ſpend a teare?

Fellowes in miſery leſſens ſorrowes waight:
But I vnworthy am to be thy mate,
I haue a ſpotted ſoule with ſinnes full fraight:
But thou a *Virgine* art *Immaculate*;
Thou art aſſin'de vnto a *Virgines* keeping,
I will alone betake my ſelfe to weeping.

By that time this her ſad complaint was done,
He that giues life had vanquiſh'de death by dying,
And *Ioſeph* comes t'interr this Holy one,
Which in this weeper breedes newe cauſe of crying;
Before ſhee wept, to ſee him ſo tormented,
Becauſe ſhee ſees him not, ſhee now lamented:

For *Ioſeph* had newe tane him from the *Croſſe*,
And laide him in a *Sepulchre* of ſtone;
Not his ſpent life, but his dead bodies loſſe,
Is now the cauſe of this her ſecond moane,
Shee ſees the tree of life of fruit bereft:
But her loue-wounded ſoule vncured left.

Which makes her thus to ſpeake; O ſacred tree,
His precious bloud hath left thee ſanctified,
Thou wert ordain'de an Aulter for to bee,
Whereon this offring ſhould bee ſacrified,
Since hee is gone, who was thy ornament
To thee my ſad complaintes ſhall all bee bent.

Ile ſett thee for an obiect fore myne eyes;
In ſeing thee, I ſhall not him forget,
Who did vouchſafe on thee to ſacrifice,
His owne deare life, to pay our ſinnefull debt:
Though for my Sauiours ſhame they did thee make
Yet I will honour thee for his ſweete ſake.

With theſe and ſuch like plaintes the day was ſpent
And duskie nighte had darkened all the ſckye,
Which when ſhee ſawe vnto her home ſhee went,
And there abſentes her from all companye,
Like to a *Turtle* hauing loſt her mate:
So ſhee without her Lord is deſolate.

This reſtles night and *Saboathes* reſt b'eing paſt,
(A day of ſorrowe and vnreſt to her)
Vnto the Monument early ſhee did haſt,
Where they his Precious Body did intier,
Shee doth preſent the riſing of the ſunne,
And takes her Iorney ere the day begunne,

Noe wonted daungers of the fearfull night,
Coulde make her from her enterpriſe to ſtaye,
When *Ghoſtes* and *Sprites* night-walkers vſe to fright,
When *Wolues* and rauonous *Beaſtes* doe wach their pray,
When none but murderrers and theeues did wake:
Then all-alone this Pilgrimage ſhee takes.

Shee might haue fear'de the Souldiers cruell garde,
Who did about that Holy place attende,
And night and day his toumbe did watch and warde,
And from all *Viſitores* the ſame defend,
But her ſtout harte theſe perilles could not touch
Her loue was more, although her daunger much.

Loue made her ſtrong, although herſelfe were weake,
Loue gaue ſwifte winges vnto her quicke deſire,
Loue added fire to her former heate;
Of doubtes nor daungers Loue doth not enquire,
O powerfull loue, thou doſt no perilles caſt,
The bitt'reſt pilles ſeeme pleaſant to thy taſte.

By this time loue had brought her to his toumbe,
Which ſhee findes open by the ſtones remoue,
But nought ſhee ſees with in his emptie toumbe,
But linnen cloths, which had inwrapt her loue
Whome when ſhee findes not, ſhee doth weep & moane,
Imaginning that he was ſtolne and gone.

O you

O you profaine and Sacraligious theeues,
Who haue(quoth ſhee) his ſacred corps bereft;
It is a ſinne, to rob from him that liues,
To rob the houſe of death, is dubble theft,
Was not your enuy by his dying paſt,
But after death the ſame muſt alſo laſt?

O Enuy; thou art a more blaker ſinne,
Then bloudy murder, who ſeekes naught but death,
His thirſtie appetie hath quenſhed beene,
But thou thy killing ſworde doſt neuer ſheath,
The act being done he often doth relent,
But thy hell-borne malice nere is ſpent.

I had not long enioy'de his bleſſed ſight,
But thou did'ſt take him to the Croſſe from mee,
Where hauing kill'de him in thy ſelfe diſpite,
Thou ſeem'dſt content that he intomb'de ſhould bee,
There did I thinke I ſhould his preſence haue,
But thou haſt alſo taine him from his graue.

Vnhappie I to tome no ſooner hether,
I might aſwell haue come the day before,
Now they haue taine him hence I know not whether,
And I am neuer like to ſee him more,
The *Spice* and *Oyntments* which with me I brought,
I cannot now beſtow on him I ſought.

With this two Glorious *Angelles* doe appeare,
To Comforte this vncomfortable one,
They tell her h'is riſen, bids her not feare.
But ceaſe her ſad complaintes and heauy moane,
Whilſt ſhee ſtandes doubtfull of this happie newes,
Her louing Lord himſelfe vnknowne ſhee vewes.

Shee takes him to bee gard'ner of that place,
And gentlie doth beſpeake him (as diſmai'de)
That if he did his body thence diſplace,
Hee would enforme her where the ſame was laid;
Hee louingly diſcouers whome he is,
Shee doth adore when thus her Lord ſhee ſees.

Her humbled body to the earth ſhee bowes,
In odarac'on of his Dietie,
Meane while her ioyfull ſoule her-ſelfe beſtowes
In Contemplac'on of this Miſterie;
Of heauenlie ioy ſhee feeles ſo ſweete a taſte,
That ſhee forgettes her auncient ſorrowes paſte.

O thou that art the heauens and earthes Creator,
Thou great diſpenſor of *Celeſtiall* treaſure,
Thou that of *Angelles*, *Men*, and *Beaſtes* art maker,
Whoſe profound wiſedome hath nor end nor meaſure,
How merciſull (*O Lord*) art thou; for each good deede,
Thou doeſt repay vs with a dubble meede.

Shee waſh'de thy feete with teares her eyes had ſhed,
To clenſe her ſoule thy bloud thou did'ſt perfuſe,
Shee powr'de her precious oyntement on thy hed,
In her thou did'ſt *Celeſtiall* grace infuſe,
Shee for thy abſence did great ſorrowe take,
Thou with thy preſence did'ſt her ioyfull make.

Giue grace (*O Lord*) to me vnworthy one,
To imitate this bleſſed *Saint* of thine,
Fill thou myne eyes with teares, my hart with moane,
That I may wayle thoſe greuious ſinnes of myne,
And if ſalt teares vnto myne eyes be ſcant,
Bee merciſull (*O Lord*) for this my want.

Make

Make me (like her) all worldlie ioyes reiect,
And lett my ſoule bee wedded to thy loue,
Thy louing ſweetenes lett me not forgete,
All other fancies from my hart remoue,
And if I do not loue thee as I ſhould,
Haue mercie Lord; accept of that I would.

Finis Deo gratias.

I. N. R. I.

